



March

TARGET



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COMICS



THE TARGET LUCKY BYRD SPACE HAWK KAREN DRAKE WHITE STREAK CHAMELEON BULL'S EYE BILL THE SKIPPER

Your Favorite Characters

MOBILIZED

To Defend America!

VOL. 2 NO. 1



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Attention!

TARGET COMICS

Characters!

NOW, I'LL
CALL THE
ROLL....
CHAMELEON...
2R..... KAREN
DRAKE
LUCKY BYRD....
BULL'S-EYE BILL....
WHITE STREAK....
SPACEHAWK.....
TARGET...

HERE!

HERE!

HERE!

HERE!

PRESENT!

HERE!

PRESENT!

EACH ONE OF YOU HAS
SOME SPECIAL POWER OR
ABILITY. YOU CAN USE
THESE TO PERFORM DUTIES
MOST USEFUL IN THE
DEFENSE OF OUR COUNTRY.
NOW I WANT
YOU TO KNOW
WHY.....

Thompson

AMERICA HAS ALWAYS BEEN
READY TO DEFEND ITS IDEALS!

1776

1812

1861

1917

**LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE
PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS....**

THESE ARE RIGHTS, BOYS AND GIRLS,
THAT HAVE BEEN HANDED DOWN TO
US BY THOSE WHO FOUNDED THIS
COUNTRY. TODAY, THESE RIGHTS ARE
THREATENED BY FORCES AT WORK IN OTHER PARTS
OF THE WORLD. IN ORDER TO INSURE THEIR
CONTINUATION WE MUST MAKE OURSELVES STRONG.
AND, THE BEST WAY TO DO THIS IS TO SUPPORT OUR
GOVERNMENT IN ITS GREAT PROGRAM OF **NATIONAL
DEFENSE!**

Thompson

**TARGET....YOUR
JOB WILL BE TO UNEARTH
FOREIGN AGENTS PLOTTING
AGAINST THE U.S.
GOVERNMENT!**

UNCLE SAM

Assigns
**EACH ONE TO
HIS POST!**

**I'LL
START
NOW!**

Thompson
**WHITE STREAK....
YOU WILL HUNT
SABOTEURS IN
AMERICAN
INDUSTRY....**

**CALLING LUCKY
BYRD.....
CONTINUE YOUR
WORK IN G2
INTELLIGENCE
SERVICE**

**IT WILL BE YOUR DUTY,
SPACEHAWK, TO PATROL
THE STRATOSPHERE AND
PREVENT INVASION FROM
OTHER PLANETS!**

**AND, 2R....
YOU WILL TURN
OVER ANY NEW
DEFENSE INVENTIONS
TO THE ARMY
AND NAVY!**

**AYE,
AYE, SIR!**

**KAREN DRAKE... ALL
"FANTASTIC FEATURE"
ACTORS ARE REQUESTED
TO USE THEIR TALENTS
FOR ENTERTAINMENT
AND PROPAGANDA
PURPOSES!**

**WE
ARE
READY!**

**BULL'S EYE BILL,
YOU ARE ASSIGNED
TO THE U.S.
CAVALRY REMOUNT
SERVICE!**

**CHAMELEON....
YOU WILL ASSIST THE
U.S. SECRET SERVICE!**



NOW - WATCH THESE TARGET CHARACTERS GO INTO ACTION!

THE

TARGET

AND

The

TARGETEERS

WE'RE GLAD UNCLE SAM HAS ASKED US TO GIVE A HAND! WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFTER CRIMINALS — AND ANYONE WHO TRIES TO STEAL AWAY OUR LIBERTIES IS THE WORST KIND OF THIEF! DAVE, TOMMY, AND MYSELF ARE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, UNCLE — TO ROUT THE RATS WHO BORE FROM WITHIN!

By

BOB
WOOD

DAVE

NILES

TOMMY

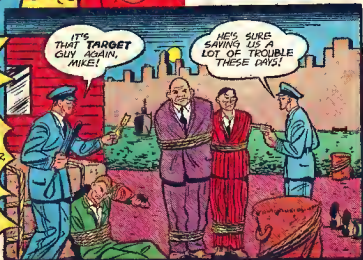
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
CALLED UPON BY UNCLE SAM TO HELP RID THIS COUNTRY OF ALL FOREIGN AGENTS WHO ARE ATTEMPTING TO DESTROY OUR LIBERTIES, NILES REED, THE TARGET, AND DAVE FOSTER, TOMMY BROWN, THE TARGETEERS, HAVE PLEDGED THEIR FULLEST COOPERATION
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE TARGET'S CALLING CARD, A YELLOW DART, IS AGAIN DISCOVERED BY THE POLICE, AS THEY FIND THE MAD CRIME LEADER, HAMMERFIST, AND SOME OF HIS BAND TIED UP AND WAITING FOR THEM AT A WATERFRONT PIER ON THE EAST RIVER —

IN SPITE OF THIS, HOWEVER, THE PLANS FOR A NEW SUPER-AUTOMATIC RIFLE WHICH THE TRIO WAS SEEKING TO RESCUE FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WERE MADE AMISS WITH DURING THE RUMBLEY BY THAT MASTER OF CRIME THE MIGHTY ANTE.

IT'S THAT TARGET GUY AGAIN, MIKE!

HE'S SURE SAVING US A LOT OF TROUBLE THESE DAYS!



SOME UNKNOWN PERSON IS APPARENTLY AWARE OF THE TARGET'S IDENTITY AND WAS A BIG HELP TO HIM AND THE TARGETEERS IN TRACKING DOWN HAMMERFIST AND HIS GANG.

BESIDES MYSTERIOUSLY GIVING THE TARGET INFORMATION, THIS PERSON WENT SO FAR AS TO MASQUERADE AS THE TARGET, TAKING PART IN THE BRAWL WITH HAMMERFIST AND HIS MEN AT THE PIER, BEING THE APPEARANCE OF THE REAL TARGET!

45 HAMMERFIST AND HIS MEN ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS HEAD FOR HOME.

WHOMEVER IT WAS THAT WAS WEARING THAT UNIFORM LIKE YOURS CERTAINLY HAD ME FOOLED!

THE WHOLE THING PUZZLES ME, DAVE! I WISH HE HADN'T ESCAPED IN THAT SPEEDBOAT!!! NEVERTHELESS, I HAVE A FEELING WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF HIM!

BUT NOW WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED - IF ONLY THE MIDGET HADN'T GOTTEN AWAY WITH THOSE PLANS!! - SHOULD THEY GET INTO THE HANDS OF THAT ALIEN POWER, IT'LL BE JUST TOO BAD FOR UNCLE SAM'S ARMY!

NEXT DAY - A MIDTOWN HOTEL -

THE SMART THING FOR US TO DO IS HAVE HIM PICK UP THE PLANS HERE - NOW DO WE KNOW WE'RE NOT WALKING INTO A TRAP?

NO! WE'RE GOING TO DO THINGS MY WAY!

OH, BUT DON'T BLAME ME IF THINGS DON'T PAN OUT, RIGHT!

YES, TEN O'CLOCK - AND WE DON'T WANT ANY SLIPUPS!

SMALL IN SIZE, BUT POSSESSING ONE OF THE SHREDEST CRIMINAL MINDS EVER KNOWN, THE MIGHTY MITE OFFERS A SUGGESTION FOR THE DISPOSAL OF THE PLANS.

WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS PERSON WHO HAS POWER OVER THE MIGHTY MITE?

AT THAT VERY MOMENT A SHADOWY APPROACHES THE ROOM.

205

THE TARGET!

GET HIM!

LET'S SEE YOU TRY!

THE MIGHTY MITE SEIZES A RADIO...

THAT'S NUMBER ONE ON MY HIT PARADE!

GOOD WORK, MITE!

QUICK - LET'S GO BEFORE HE COMES TO! THE PLANS ARE ALL IN ORDER IN THAT BRIEFCASE - DON'T LET IT OUT OF YOUR HANDS, MITE!

HURRIEDLY THEY RUSH FROM THE HOTEL -

BOY! THAT WAS SOME BLOW I RECEIVED - GUESS I CAME TO JUST IN TIME!!!

IT SEEMS EVERY TIME I TURN A CORNER THESE DAYS THAT TARGET GUY APPEARS -

RIGHT! AND THIS IS ANOTHER TIME!

YOU CERTAINLY CALLED THAT ONE!

JUST THEN, DAVE AND TOMMY ARE PASSING BY -

LOOK - TOMMY - DOWN THAT SIDE STREET THE TARGET JUST LEAPED FROM A WINDOW -

IT IS ALL RIGHT IT'S SURE FUNNY HOW HE GOT HERE SO FAST

IT CAN'T BE - WE JUST LEFT HIM AT HOME!

THEY SOON DIVEST THEMSELVES OF THEIR CLOTHING TO BECOME THE TARGETEERS

AS THE THUGS ARE ABOUT TO MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE, THE TARGETEERS CHARGE IN -

TARGET'S A GONER NOW - GET THE CAR STARTED!

HEY - LOCK! THE TARGETEERS!

C'MON, MITE, LET'S SCRAM!

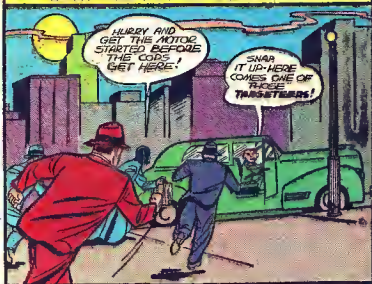
DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY!



THE DRUG SOON RENDERS TOMMY UNCONSCIOUS—



WITH ONLY DAVE REMAINING CONSCIOUS, THE THUGS QUICKLY MAKE FOR THE CAR—



LEAVING HIS TWO UNCONSCIOUS COMRADES, DAVE SPRINTS AFTER THE SEDAN—

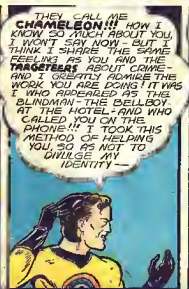


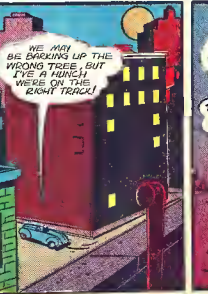
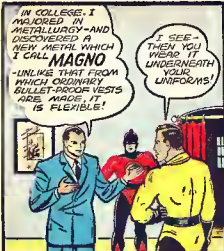
THE TARGETEER PUTS HIS ALL INTO A DARING LEAP—

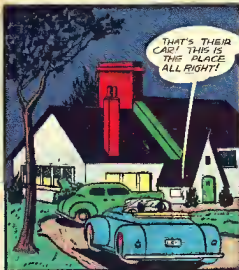


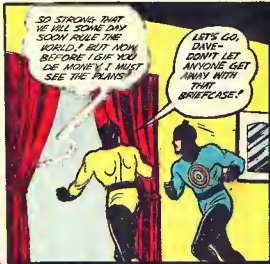
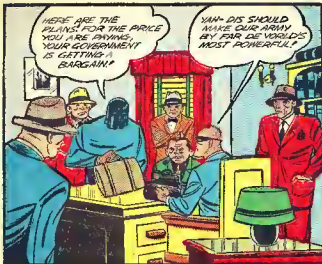
SHORTLY AFTER—

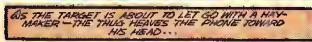












A POWERFUL FIST SENDS THE HOODED FOULIE SPRAWLING—

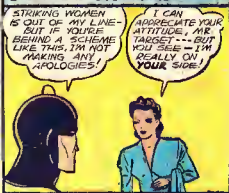


"I'M CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!"

THE TARGET RIPS OFF A HOOD—TO REVEAL—



THE GIRL IS SOON REVIVED—



"STRIKING WOMEN IS OUT OF MY LINE—BUT IF YOU'RE BEHIND A SCHEME LIKE THIS, I'M NOT MAKING ANY APOLOGIES!"

"I CAN APPRECIATE YOUR ATTITUDE, MR. TARGET—BUT YOU SEE—I'M REALLY ON YOUR SIDE!"

"UNCLE SAM IS MY BOSS! I'M A FEDERAL AGENT—AND MIXED UP IN THIS AFFAIR MERELY TO GET ALL POSSIBLE INFORMATION ON THESE SABOTEURS!"



"NEEDLESS TO SAY THE PRESS AND RADIO HAVE MADE ME FAMILIAR WITH THE ACTIVITIES OF YOU AND THE TARGETEERS—AND I MUST SAY I'M ENTHUSED OVER THE WORK YOU'VE BEEN DOING."



"BUT WAIT!!!—HOW DO I KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT INVOLVED IN THIS WITH SOME GAINFUL MOTIVE?"



"WOMEN HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A MYSTERY TO ME—AND YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION—HOWEVER—I'M INCLINED TO THINK YOU A PRETTY SPEECH MAKER RATHER THAN A FEDERAL WOMAN!"



"HAW-HAW! HEY-TARGET, HAVE A LOOK AT THIS!"

"PARDON ME A MINUTE, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK—THINK I'LL HANG ONTO THIS—JUST IN CASE—"



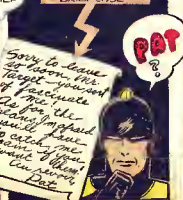
"WELL, LITTLE MAN—WHAT NOW?"

"HA-HA!! WHILE YOU BOYS DECIDE ON WHAT TO DO WITH HIM, I'VE GOT TO FINISH A CHAT WITH SOMEONE!!"

"GONE!!! WELL I'LL BE—ANYWAY, I HAVE THE PLANS HERE IN THE BRIEF CASE—SAY! I BETTER HAVE A LOOK—"



WHAT THE TARGET FOUND IN THE BRIEF CASE—



"Sorry to leave so soon, Mr. Target—you've got to appreciate me! As for the plans, I'm afraid you'll have to catch me again if you want to see them. Love, Pat"

WHO IS PAT?

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PLANS?

THE **TARGET** WILL ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS FOR YOU AS HE UNRAVELS THE MOST AMAZING PLOT OF HIS CAREER IN NEXT MONTH'S

TARGET COMICS.

CALLING Z-R

RANGE RIDERS OF
TODAYS FRONTIER

CALLING Z-R!
...ALL RANGERS
ASSEMBLE IN THE
MAIN HALL!
EMERGENCY!

WHAT
IS IT?

I'M NOT SURE,
BUT I'LL BET IT
HAS SOMETHING
TO DO WITH
NATIONAL
DEFENSE!

THE CAPTAIN IS
RIGHT, JERRY JENKINS,
THE NEW RECRUIT,
WILL SOON SEE
ACTION IN BOYSTATE,
THE SKIPPER'S SCIENTIFIC
REFUGE FOR
HOMELESS BOYS...

by
ALONZO
VINCENT.

SKIPPER, THIS IS
A NEW BOY,
JERRY JENKINS!

HELLO,
SKIPPER!

HELLO,
JERRY!

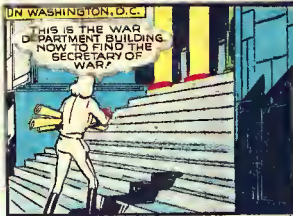
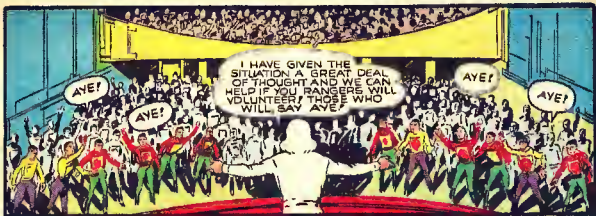
WE HAVEN'T
TIME FOR THE
REGULAR INITIATION,
CAPTAIN. I SHALL
HAVE TO ENTRUST
HIM TO YOU!

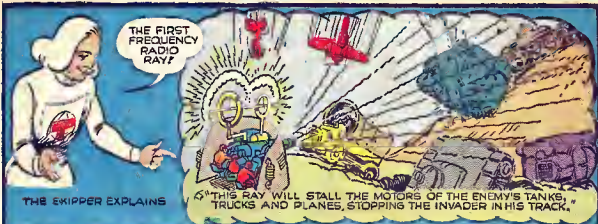
THANK
YOU, SIR!

THEN
I CAN STAY?

IN THE GREAT HALL IN BOYSTATE.

WE ARE IN A NATIONAL
EMERGENCY! NOW THAT
GENERAL "Z" HAS BEEN
ELIMINATED- OUR MAIN
CONCERN IS WITH OUR
UNCLE SAM. WE ARE
BOTH TOO YOUNG AND
TOO OLD FOR CONSCRIPTION,
BUT WE ARE AMERICANS.
WE MUST DO
OUR PART!





THE SKIPPER EXPLAINS

"THIS RAY WILL STALL THE MOTORS OF THE ENEMY'S TANKS, TRUCKS AND PLANES, STOPPING THE INVADER IN HIS TRACK."



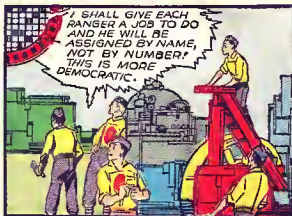
I UNDERSTAND YOUR MACHINES ARE MERCIFUL RATHER THAN DEADLY. YOU ARE UNDERTAKING AN IMPORTANT TASK! YOU HAVE THE GRATITUDE OF EVERY AMERICAN!

MY OTHER INVENTION IS AN ADAPTATION OF COSMIC POWER TO PARALYZE THE BRAINS OF THE ENEMY, AS THE OTHER STALLS THE MOTORS.

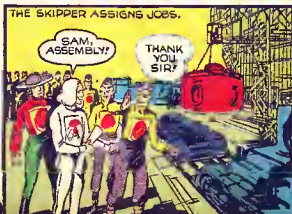


BACK IN EASY STATE.

CALLING 2-R! UNCLE SAM HAS ACCEPTED US, NOW WE MUST GO TO WORK! I MUST WARN YOU THAT THERE ARE SPIES WHO WILL TRY TO HINDER US-BE VERY CAREFUL!



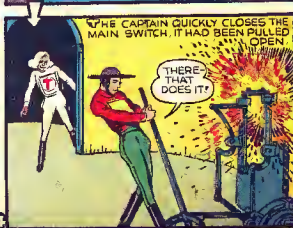
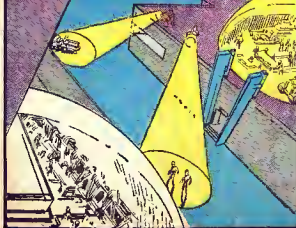
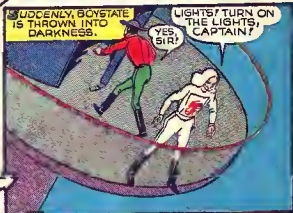
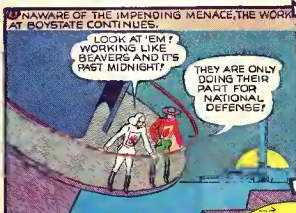
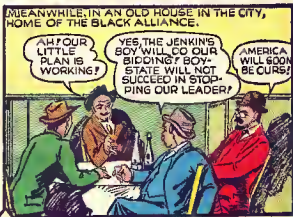
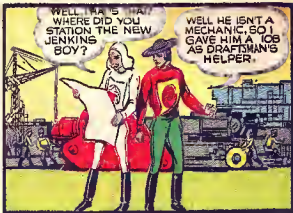
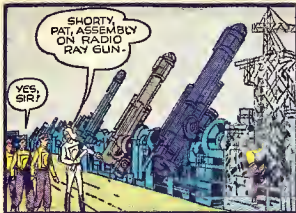
I SHALL GIVE EACH RANGER A JOB TO DO AND HE WILL BE ASSIGNED BY NAME, NOT BY NUMBER! THIS IS MORE DEMOCRATIC.

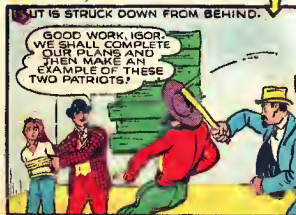
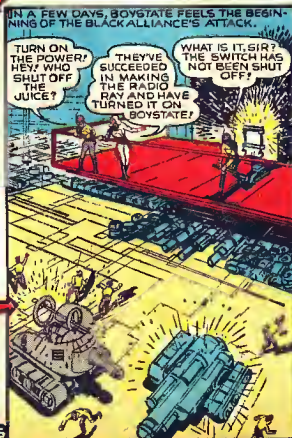
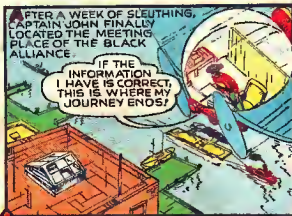
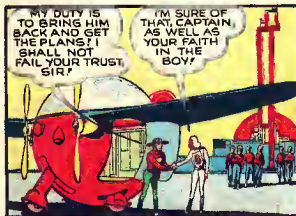
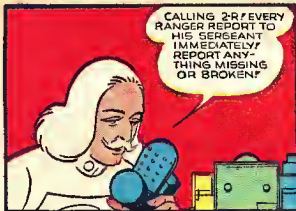


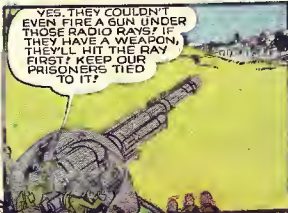
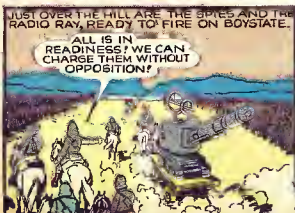
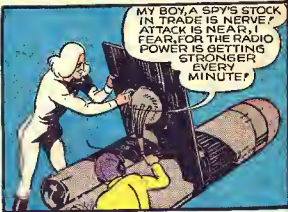
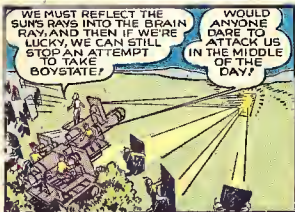
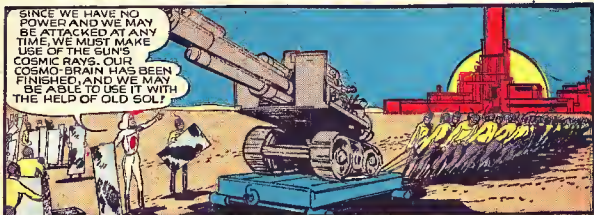
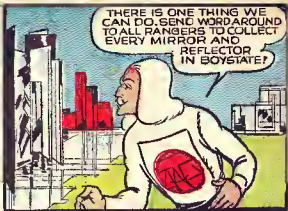
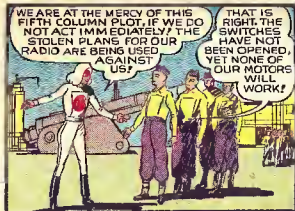
THE SKIPPER ASSIGNS JOBS.

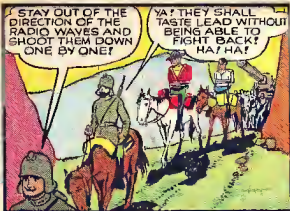
SAM, ASSEMBLY!

THANK YOU SIR!



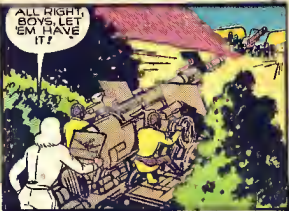




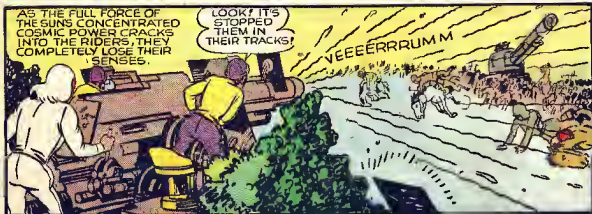


STAY OUT OF THE
RAY OF THE
COSMIC WAVES AND
SHOOT THEM DOWN
ONE BY ONE!

YA! THEY SHALL
TASTE LEAD WITHOUT
BEING ABLE TO
FIGHT BACK!
HA! HA!



ALL RIGHT,
BOYS, LET
'EM HAVE
IT!



AS THE FULL FORCE OF
THE SUNS CONCENTRATED
COSMIC POWER CRACKS
INTO THE RIDERS, THEY
COMPLETELY LOSE THEIR
SENSES.

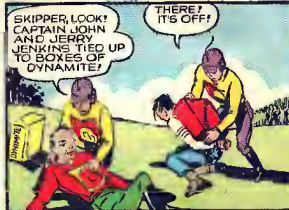
LOOK! IT'S
STOPPED
THEM IN
THEIR TRACKS!

VEEEEERRRUM



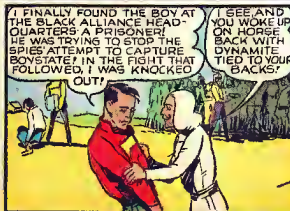
HURRY! THEY MAY COME TO
IN A FEW MINUTES! WE
MUST TURN OFF THE
RADIO RAY!

WE CAN EASILY
CAPTURE THEM
WITH OUR
REGULAR
EQUIPMENT!



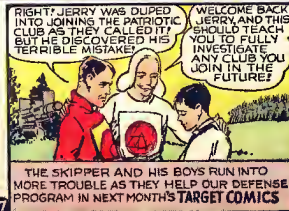
SKIPPER, LOOK!
CAPTAIN JOHN
AND JERRY
JENKINS TIED UP
TO BOXES OF
DYNAMITE!

THERE?
IT'S OFF!



I FINALLY FOUND THE BOY AT
THE BLACK ALLIANCE HEAD-
QUARTERS! A PRISONER!
HE WAS TRYING TO STOP THE
SPIES' ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE
BOYSTATE! IN THE FIGHT THAT
FOLLOWED, I WAS KNOCKED
OUT!

I SEE, AND
YOU WOKE UP
ON HORSE
BACK WITH
DYNAMITE
TIED TO YOUR
BACKS?



RIGHT! JERRY WAS DUPED
INTO JOINING THE PATRIOTIC
CLUB AS THEY CALLED IT!
BUT HE DISCOVERED HIS
TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

WELCOME BACK,
JERRY, AND THIS
SHOULD TEACH
YOU TO FULLY
INVESTIGATE
ANY CLUB YOU
JOIN IN THE
FUTURE!

THE SKIPPER AND HIS BOYS RUN INTO
MORE TROUBLE AS THEY HELP OUR DEFENSE
PROGRAM IN NEXT MONTH'S **TARGET COMICS**

THE

WHITE STREAK

by CARL BURGOS



THE WHITE STREAK, CALLED TO THE COLORS BY UNCLE SAM, IS SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON BY AGENT HOOK OF THE F.B.I.

YOU MEAN THESE MEN JUST KEEL OVER ON THE JOB? AREN'T THEY EXAMINED BY A DOCTOR BEFORE GOING TO WORK?

THEY ARE, STREAK. BUT IN ALL CASES THEIR HEALTH HAS BEEN TOPS.



AND YOU SAY OVER HALF THE MEN IN THAT FACTORY ARE DOWN WITH VARIOUS SICKNESSES. THAT THEIR RESISTANCE IS SHOT. H-M-M-M. THAT'S CERTAINLY STRANGE!



BUT DON'T WORRY— THERE'S AN ANSWER TO THIS AND I'LL FIND IT— I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT. EVERY-

THING'S BEEN ARRANGED YOU START TO WORK AT THE FACTORY TOMORROW AS AN ORDINARY WORKMAN



THE NEXT DAY— WHITE STREAK GOES TO WORK



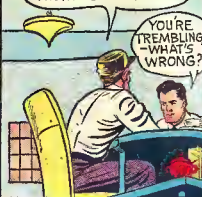
AT LUNCH TIME THE STREAK GOES TO LUNCH WITH ONE OF THE WORKERS

WONDER WHAT'S CAUSING ALL THIS SICKNESS I HEAR ABOUT?

IF YOU COULD FIGURE THAT OUT YOU'D GET A JUICY BONUS FROM THE COMPANY.



THE ONLY THING I'VE BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE OUT IS— EVERYONE OF THE GUYS WHO GOT SICK HAVE BOUGHT THEIR LUNCH HERE.



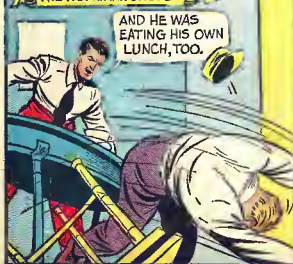
YOU'RE TREMBLING— WHAT'S WRONG?

SUDDENLY—



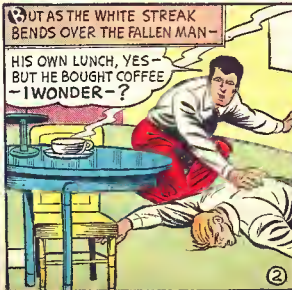
THE WORKMAN DROPS—

AND HE WAS EATING HIS OWN LUNCH, TOO.



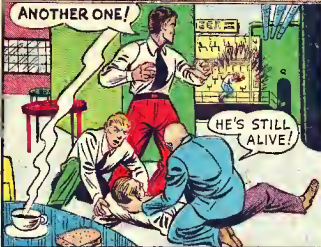
BUT AS THE WHITE STREAK BENDS OVER THE FALLEN MAN—

HIS OWN LUNCH, YES— BUT HE BOUGHT COFFEE — I WONDER—?



SUDDENLY, THE STREAK SEES AN ELECTRICIAN AT A HUGE SWITCHBOARD START TO FALL—

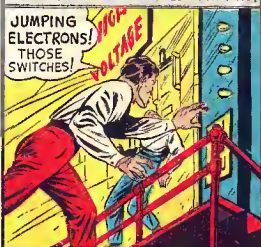
ANOTHER ONE!



AS THE ELECTRICIAN TOPPLES —
THE STREAK RUSHES FORWARD.

**JUMPING
ELECTRONS!
THOSE
SWITCHES!**

**HIGH
VOLTAGE**



THE MAN'S BODY STRIKES A
HUGE SWITCH THROWING THE
LINE OF MOTORS INTO HIGH GEAR



THE WHIRLING GEARS ON
THE LINE CATCH ANOTHER
WORKMAN OFF GUARD,
DRAWING HIM IN.



**THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING TO DO—**

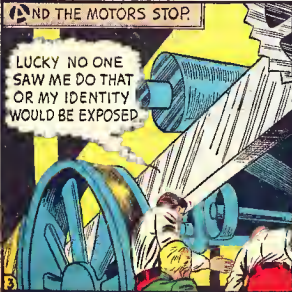
THE STREAK'S ELECTRONIC
EYES FLASH.

**—AND THIS
IS IT.**



AND THE MOTORS STOP.

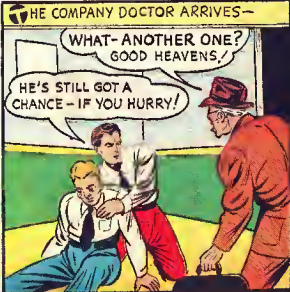
**LUCKY NO ONE
SAW ME DO THAT
OR MY IDENTITY
WOULD BE EXPOSED**

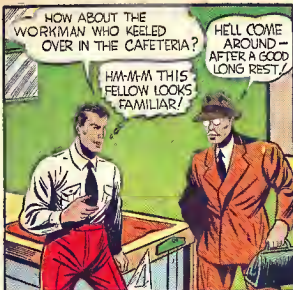


THE COMPANY DOCTOR ARRIVES—

**WHAT—ANOTHER ONE?
GOOD HEAVENS!**

**HE'S STILL GOT A
CHANCE—IF YOU HURRY!**





HOW ABOUT THE WORKMAN WHO KEeled OVER IN THE CAFETERIA?

HM-M-M THIS FELLOW LOOKS FAMILIAR!

HE'LL COME AROUND - AFTER A GOOD LONG REST!



HE DRANK IT ALL - BUT -

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER WORK HAS BEEN HALTED BY THE COMPANY-

HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE HAD COFFEE IN THE CAFETERIA LATELY?

ALWAYS DRINK MILK

NOT ME!

TEA FOR ME!



LEAVING THE STREAK PHONES FBI AGENT IN WASHINGTON.

YOU SAY YOU'VE FOUND THE COFFEE AND IT'S BEEN FOUND FREE OF ANY DRUG? HOW ABOUT GETTING ME TRANSFERRED TO THE CAFETERIA?

I STILL THINK I'M RIGHT!



THAT CAN BE DONE - EASILY. IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE SOMETHING GET IN TOUCH WITH AGENT DAVIS THERE. HE HAS A COMPLETE LAB.

WELL - HERE'S HOPING I'M RIGHT!



THE NEXT DAY

THERE'S THE COFFEE MAKER NOW, MAYBE HE'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS!



IN SPITE OF HIS OBSERVATION, THE WHITE-STREAK FAILS TO FIND ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THE WAY THE COFFEE IS PREPARED.

WHAT NIGHT-THE WHITE STREAK RETURNS TO THE PLANT-UN-AWARE OF A SHADOWY FIGURE THAT HAS TRAILED HIM!

IF IT'S NOT IN THE KITCHEN, THEN IT MUST BE IN THE COFFEE ITSELF!



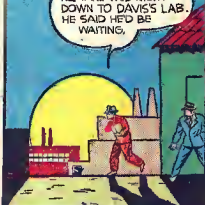
WELL-WE'LL SOON SEE, LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS DOOR AND FIX THE LOCK!

NO 12

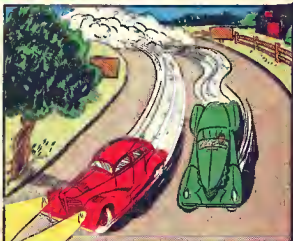


AS THE STREAK LEAVES WITH A SEALED 5-POUND CAN OF COFFEE, THE SHADOWY FIGURE WATCHES CLOSELY.

I'LL TAKE THIS RIGHT DOWN TO DAVIS'S LAB. HE SAID HE'D BE WAITING.

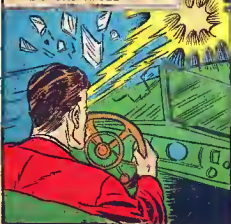


THE WHITE STREAK'S CAR ROARS BACK TO TOWN-CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER!

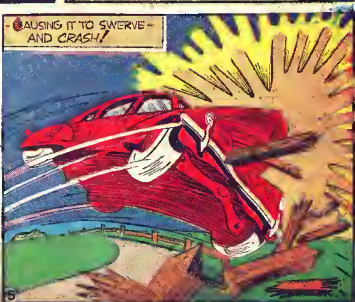


SUDDENLY-AS THE STREAK ROUNDS A SHARP CURVE, THE TRAILING CAR SPURTS FORWARD AND ATTEMPTS TO FORCE HIM OFF THE ROAD!

SEEING HIS PERIL,THE STREAK'S EYES BLAZE AND A BLAST OF ELECTRONS CRASHES INTO THE OTHER CAR'S FRONT WHEEL-



-CAUSING IT TO SWERVE- AND CRASH!



THE STREAK STOPS AND RUSHES TO THE OTHER DRIVER'S AID.

BLAZES! IT'S THE COFFEE MAKER.

AND HE'S DEAD. BUT WHAT'S THIS? A RING—AN ANCIENT POISON RING—HMMM! WHAT'S THIS POWDERY STUFF IN IT?

THE STREAK RACES TO HIS CAR AND HEADS FOR AGENT DAVIS'S LAB.

I'M BE-GINNING TO SEE DAY LIGHT!

AT THE LAB.

STREAK!
YOU STARTLED ME!

I THINK I'LL STARTLE YOU EVEN MORE-IN A MINUTE!

DAVIS PUTS A FEW GRAINS OF THE SUBSTANCE FOUND IN THE RING THROUGH A SERIES OF TESTS.

GOT IT?

YOU'RE RIGHT, STREAK. THIS IS A POWERFUL SOPORIFIC DRUG. THAT RING WOULD HOLD ENOUGH TO KNOCKOUT AN ELEPHANT! WE MUST HAVE HAD A CLEAN BATCH OF COFFEE BEFORE!

SO THAT COFFEE MAKER COULD DRUG A WHOLE PLANT FULL OF MEN EASILY WHILE HE Poured IN THE COFFEE—HMMM. YET THAT DOCTOR CLAIMED HE FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF ANY DRUG. HAVE YOU GOT HIS ADDRESS?

YES—IN OUR FILES!

GETTING THE COMPANY DOCTORS ADDRESS, THE STREAK RUSHES OUT.

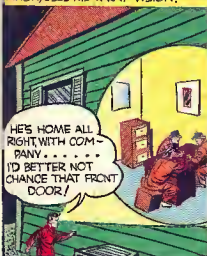
OKAY! THEN I'LL ROUND UP A FEW OF THE BOYS AND MEET YOU AT THE DOG'S PLACE!

NOW I REMEMBER! YOU CAN NOTIFY THE POLICE ABOUT THAT CRASH! I'VE GOT TO GET BUSY-FAST!

HERE WE ARE NOW—AND SOMEONE'S HOME!

INT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE

HE STREAK SAFE FROM OBSERVATION, USES HIS X-RAY VISION!



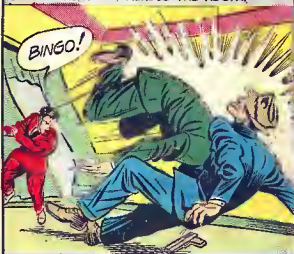
CLIMBING TO THE ROOF, THE STREAK PEERS THROUGH THE LIGHTED WINDOW.



THE STREAK GOES INTO ACTION—WITH A VENGEANCE!



RABBING ONE OF THE MEN, THE WHITE STREAK HURLS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM!



WHEN WHIRLS TOWARD THE DOCTOR!



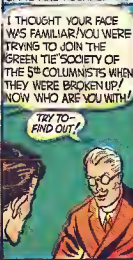
BUT AS THE MAN RUSHES FORWARD A SHOT RINGS OUT!



AND THE DOORWAY IS SUDDENLY FILLED WITH G-MEN.



THE DOCTOR AND HIS GANG ARE ROUNDED UP!



WHO WAS THE DOCTOR WORKING FOR?

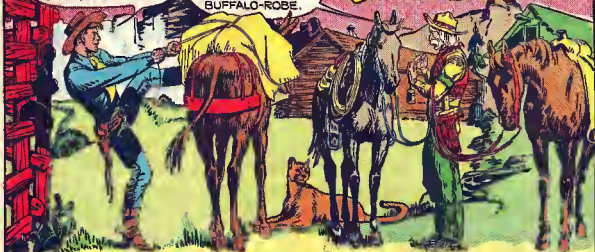
WHAT NEW SOCIETY OF ANTI-AMERICANS IS TRYING TO SABOTAGE OUR DEFENSE INDUSTRIES?

YOU'LL FIND OUT AS THE WHITE STREAK RUNS THEM DOWN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **TARGET COMICS!**

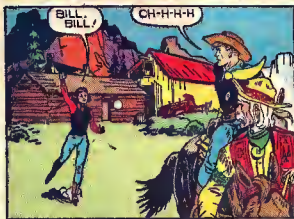
BULL'S-EYE BILL

I TOLD SIX OF THE BOYS TO MEET ME IN ELK TOOTH PASS, 120 MILES WEST OF CANYON CITY...O.K.P

RECKON SO, BILL. BROOMTAILS OUT THAT-A-WAY IS THICKER'N GREY-BACKS ON A BUFFALO-ROBE.

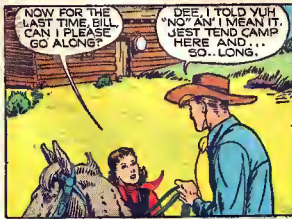


RGET RANCH IS ABOUT TO BE CLOSED TEMPORARILY AS BILL HAS BEEN CALLED TO THE SERVICE OF UNCLE SAM. IN THE RECENT DIVISION OF THE U.S. ARMY, PRESIDENT CONGRESS HAS APPROPRIATED FUNDS TO SECURE 20,000 HORSES FOR USE IN DEVELOPING AND MAINTAINING INCREASED CAVALRY DEFENSE IN THE WESTERN AREA... BILL HAS SENT FOR OLD "RAWHIDE" ROBBING-WOLFER, TRAPPER AND GUIDE, FROM THE BUCKSKIN MOUNTAINS...HE GUARANTEES TO SHOW BILL PLENTY OF LOOSE UNBRANDED HORSES...



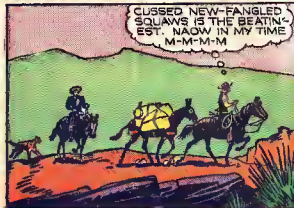
BILL, BILL!

CH-H-H-H



NOW FOR THE LAST TIME, BILL, CAN I PLEASE GO ALONG?

DEE, I TOLD YUH "NO" AN' I MEAN IT. JEST TEND CAMP HERE AND... SO.. LONG.



CUSSED NEW-FANGLED SQUAWS IS THE BEATING-EST. NAOW IN MY TIME M-M-M-M



HUH.. SOME NERVE, I'LL SHOW YUH, MR. BULL'S EYE BILL.

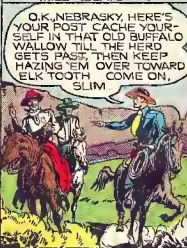


MEANWHILE, BILL AND "RAWHIDE" HAVE MET THE BOYS AND HAVE FOUND A NATURAL TRAP IN THE HILLS.



I SEE BY THE SIGN, THE FUZZTAILS PASS HERE RIGHT FREQUENT. WE'LL JEST SASHAY 'EM ALONG THEIR OLD TRAIL AND AND HAZE 'EM INTO THE TRAP NATHERAL LIKE.

HAVING BUILT A WELL CONCEALED GATE TO THE TRAP, BILL POSTS HIS MEN IN FIVE MILE RELAYS



O.K., NEBRASKY, HERE'S YOUR POST. CACHE YOURSELF IN THAT OLD BUFFALO WALLOW TILL THE HERD GETS PAST, THEN KEEP HAZING 'EM OVER TOWARD ELK TOOTH. COME ON, SLIM.

THERE'S YOUR FIRST BUNCH, SLIM, CUT AROUND BEHIND 'EM AN' LINE OUT FER HOME. I'LL JOG BACK AND GIVE "RAWHIDE" A HAND AT THE FINISH



BILL ARRIVES JUST IN TIME, AS THE HORSES, BECOMING SUSPICIOUS, HAVE SWERVED OFF THE TRAIL.



(GOTTA TURN THAT LEADER.)



THAT'S THE HARD WAY, BUT WE GOT 'EM.

BANG



SEVERAL DAYS LATER THE NUMBER OF CAPTIVES HAS GROWN TO FOUR HUNDRE

THAT'LL DO. WHEN WE GET THESE HOBBOLED AND TRAIL-BROKE, WE'LL RUN THEM DOWN TO THE MEADOW WITH THE REST OF THE REMUDA

AT THAT NIGHT, THE UNGUARDED TRAP IS RAIDED



GOOD THING THE NIGHT WRANGLER WAS WIDE AWAKE, OR WE'D HAVE LOST 'EM. ALL. WHOEVER DONE THIS HAS GOTTA ANSWER TO UNCLE SAM.



WHAT'S EATIN' YUH NOW, YUH OLD BILLY GOAT?

GIT THE HÖSSES AND FOLLER ME, YOUNG FELLER, HERE'S THE RUSTLER'S TRAIL SHOD HORSES.



THEY FOLLOW THE TRAIL.

SIGN'S RIGHT FRESH AND I SEE SMOKE.

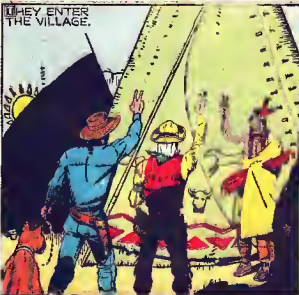
TAKE IT EASY, PAINTER.



FAN ME WITH A TRADE-BALL IF IT AIN'T A CHEYENNE VILLAGE. AIN'T SEEN THE LIKE SINCE BUFFALO RAN ON THE ARKANSAS.

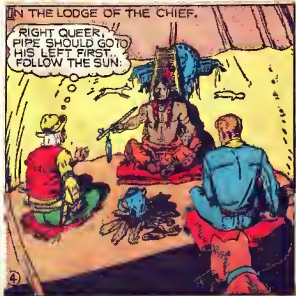


THEY ENTER THE VILLAGE.



IN THE LODGE OF THE CHIEF.

RIGHT QUEER, PIPE SHOULD GOTO HIS LEFT FIRST. FOLLOW THE SUN.



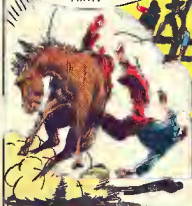


AVING TURNED OVER THE
SPIES TO THE MARSHALL, BILL
SACK TO WORK

BILL, HOW YOU
GONNA STOP
A HIGH SPEED
TANK WITH A
"HAY BURNER"?



D'EVER SEE A
HIGH SPEED TANK IN
THE GRAND CANYON?
OR A MUDDY RIVER BOT-
TOM? HEY, NEBRASKY...
LET ME SHOW YUH
HOW TO SCRATCH
HIM.



HEY, IKE, YOU NEVER
TOLD ME HOW YOU KNEW
THEM SPIES WAS
INJUNS.

WAL, "BILLY",
EFFEN YUH KIN
HANG AND RATTLE
ON THIS HERE JUG-
HEADED CAYUSE
I'LL TELL YUH.



YIP-PEE



REEF 'IM
BILL

GOT YORE
PARACHUTE,
BILL?



THERE Y'ARE,
"BLITZKRIEG", THAT'LL
GENTLE YUH ENOUGH
FER SOME CAVALRY
SOLDIER.



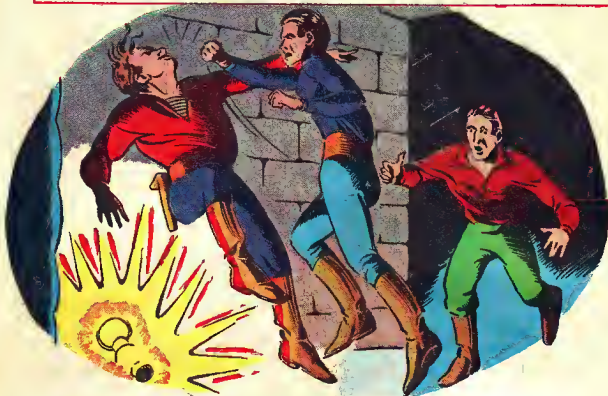
WELL...
RAWHIDE

WA-A-L,
BILLY WHEN
THAT VARMINT WENT
TO FORK HIS PONY,
HE DONE IT ALLA-
SAME WHITE MAN
FROM THE LEFT SIDE.
NEVER WAS AN INJUN
LIVIN' THAT GOT ON
FROM ANY SIDE BUT
THE RIGHT, DEERN
CLEVER THEM
FURRINERS...
SOMETIMES



BULL'S EYE
BILL
RIDES
AGAIN FOR
UNCLE
SAM
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE OF
TARGET
COMICS

Wulf's head crashed against the wall; his lantern dropped to the floor, burst into flame. Then Nick shouted...



THE GHOST OF VENUS

synopsis: Steve Raymond, space-detective, and his assistant, Nick, are captured by the Ghost of Venus while tracking him down. They believe the Ghost to be Dr. Kal-Ryn, a scientist who faked his own death. Thrown into a dungeon by the Ghost, Steve and Nick are astonished when an old man tunnels his way into their cell and tells them he is Dr. Kal-Ryn!

is Nakek Jaru, my one-time assistant."

"Nick," said Steve, I see the light. Scott wasn't quite right. Dr. Kal-Ryn; did Jaru, overpower you and take charge of the Red-ray?"

"But why," asked Nick, "did he wait five years after staging your death?"

"Until suspicion died down. It took time to secretly prepare this elaborate layout. Jaru controls the Red-ray from a tower in the jungle; he forced me to set up the apparatus, then threw me in the dungeons. Now for two years, with this little pick," Kal-Ryn handed it to Steve, "I've chiseled away, only to find I've tunneled into another cell!"

"But we're not lost yet!" exclaimed Steve. "I have a plan. Tell me, when are we fed?"

"Once a day, at noon."
"Steve, it's nearly that now."
"Right. Now listen. If this works we've got a chance..."

CHAPTER III

by Bob Buils

GREAT SCOTT! Did you say you are Dr. Kal-Ryn?"

The old man nodded. "Yes, I'm Kal-Ryn. I've been a prisoner down here for years."

"Jumpin' Jupiter, Steve, who is the Ghost then?" Nick asked.

"I can tell you that," said Kal-Ryn. "The Ghost of Venus

"Yes." Kal-Ryn sat on the cot, his shoulders sagging. "When I had completed the formula for the Red-ray, he had his men kidnap me, and faked our deaths. Now, the fiend is using it to his own advantage," Kal-Ryn buried his face in his thin hands. "And I trusted him..."

MINUTES later, feigning exhaustion on the cell floor, Steve heard Wulf Rondo's heavy steps, saw the glow of a lantern outside the cell. A key grated in the lock; Steve stirred. Wulf entered, holding his lantern high, and Nick, lying on the bunk, groaned.

"So, our detectives ain't feelin' so good!" Wulf laughed. "Well, ain't that too bad. I brought your dinner, boys." He placed a pan beside the bunk, bent over the writhing Nick. "What's the matter, space-dick? Ain't——"

It was then that Kal-Ryn glided from his corner by the door. But the scientist slipped—the boot he held flew from his fingers! Wulf whirled with a snarl, his hand darting to his ray-gun. Steve leaped up!

Wulf yelled once before Steve hit him. Behind that blow went all the hatred he felt for this human vulture before him. Wulf's head struck the wall and he slumped grotesquely. The lantern smashed on the floor.

"Quick!" gasped Steve. "Get his gun, Nick! We've got to get out of here! They probably heard that yell above!"

Seconds were precious now. They raced from the cell, down a damp corridor at the far end of which a candle flickered. New life flowed through Kal-Ryn's veins at his freedom. "Let's—head for—the tower!" he panted.

"Right!" snapped Steve. "If we only had more guns!"

They came to stairs, narrow and twisting and slimy, started up them three at a time.

"Maybe—they didn't—hear us above, Steve!" panted Nick. "Maybe—"

Too late Steve heard the sudden clatter of descending footsteps. "Back, Nick!" he yelled hoarsely. They skidded to a stop at a corner landing—and ran full-tilt into the Ghost, Piper and Dirk!

"Get them!" screamed the Ghost.

Steve leaped in a low dive. Nick, off balance, raised his gun to fire. Too late! Piper's gun spoke; Nick's weapon dropped from his numb fingers. As Steve, the Ghost and Dirk fell in a twisting tumble, Kal-Ryn dived for it. Like a leopard Piper leaped, his gun smashing the scientist cruelly across the temple. Kal-Ryn crumpled. Piper whirled on Steve, disentangled from the Ghost and Dirk for a second. His voice was wailing:

"Hold it, space-dick! I've got yuh!"

Panting, Steve slowly stood up, his eyes blazing impotently.

"Never mind, fella," grinned Nick. "You mussed up the Ghost, anyway! His shirt's dirty!" Kal-Ryn stirred then, rose groggily.

Suddenly Wulf Rondo's footsteps became audible. He burst around the corner, murder in his little eyes.

"Wulf, you clumsy fool!" raged Nakek Jaru, the Ghost. "They almost escaped. I'll attend to you, later!" Steve grinned in spite of himself. The Ghost whirled on them. "So, your little scheme failed! Just for that you die! Piper, Dirk, take them to the chamber! Wulf, you go to the tower and watch for ships!"

Quickly Steve, Nick and Dr. Kal-Ryn were escorted up more stairs, down a corridor to a steel door. The Ghost spoke.

"Wait, Piper. In here." Piper produced a key, swung the heavy door silently open. The Ghost motioned with his ray-gun, laughed evilly. "Enter, dogs! We'll do our best to make you comfortable!"



WONDERINGLY, the trio entered. The room had bare-steel walls, floors and ceiling. "No chairs?" asked Nick in grim humor.

"No chairs," mocked the Ghost as Dirk and Piper grinned. "You won't need them!" Suddenly the Ghost stepped back, and the heavy door cut short his mocking laugh as it slammed shut.

"Steve, I don't understand," muttered Dr. Kal-Ryn. "If—"

"Great Jupiter, look!" Nick pointed to the ceiling. Steve's heart sank. Panels had slid back; four little jets had appeared, and from them issued a heavy green gas. . . .

"Gas!" hissed Steve.

"You mean to say we got to die like rats in a trap?" queried Nick. "Not if I can help it! There must be some way out!"

"Handkerchiefs!" clipped Steve, and tied his own across his mouth.

Frantically they began searching. Steve pounded every steel plate, battered the door, dug at the floor plates till his fingers bled. Softly the green gas hissed its death song, and when Steve got a breath of it his throat burned terribly and tears came to his eyes.

Already Dr. Kal-Ryn, weakened by his ordeal, was coughing violently; slowly he sank to the floor. Now the gas was getting thicker, so thick it was hard to see. Nick's stumbling figure became a dim blur. God, what a death!

Suddenly Steve paused. The iron pick Kal-Ryn had given him! Blindly he searched for it, groped his way to the door, dropped to his knees. Desperately his fingers sought the lock, desperately he worked the pick into it. "Open . . . open . . ." he prayed, but the lock held.

"Steve . . ." he heard Nick's choked cry, heard the thud of his body as he collapsed. Still he kept at it—picking, picking. . . . But now Steve's senses were reeling. His throat burned, his eyes! Now, a black cloud was rushing down upon him—the black cloud of death.

To be concluded next month.

Pencils
of
FIRE

LUCKY

Flier

BYRD

of G2



LIEUTENANT LUCKY BYRD, GRADUATE OF RANDOLPH FIELD, IS SECRETLY A MEMBER OF G2, -MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

IN ORDER TO WORK HIS WAY INTO THAT ANTI-AMERICAN GROUP OF RENEGADE PILOTS KNOWN AS THE SCARLET SQUADRON - LUCKY HAS BEEN PUBLICLY BRANDED AS A TRAITOR, AND IS SUPPOSEDLY KICKED OUT OF THE ARMY

YOU
ARMY
FRIENDS
DAMPBELL

AN ARMY PLANE, CARRYING COLONEL CLIVE OF G2, FLIES TO A MYSTERIOUS FIELD



THERE'S THE FIELD, PILOT Z-71 ON THE MAP!



AFTER THE PLANE LANDS

WONDER WHAT BYRD MEANT, INSISTING THAT I MEET HIM AT **THIS** FORSAKEN FIELD?

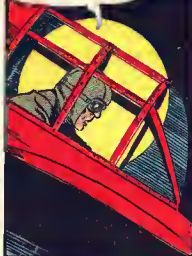


LUCKY BYRD'S PLANE APPROACHES THE FIELD

I GUESS THAT'S COL CLIVE'S PLANE!



I'LL FIND OUT!

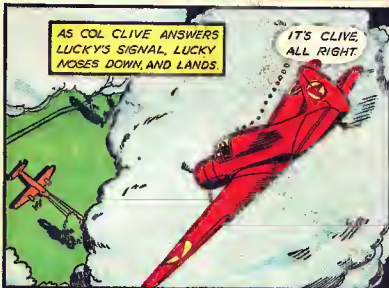


LUCKY'S LANDING LIGHTS BLINK ON AND OFF 3 TIMES.



AS COL CLIVE ANSWERS LUCKY'S SIGNAL, LUCKY MOSES DOWN, AND LANDS

IT'S CLIVE, ALL RIGHT.



3 MINUTES LATER—

GLAD TO SEE YOU, LIEUTENANT BYRD! BUT, WHY DID YOU INSIST ON THIS OUTLANDISH MEETING PLACE?

I HAD TO, COL. CLIVE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HAD TO?

COLONEL, WITH DEFENSE PLANS GOING AHEAD, THE ANTI-AMERICAN GROUPS ARE DESPERATE -



- AND I, AND EVERY ONE OF THE OTHER 130 MILLION LOYAL AMERICANS IN THIS COUNTRY MUST DEDICATE HIMSELF TO NATIONAL DEFENSE, AND IT'S PROTECTION!

THAT'S RIGHT, BYRD! BUT AGAIN I ASK, WHY THIS MEETING PLACE, INSTEAD OF WASHINGTON?



THERE IS A **SPY IN YOUR OWN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE, COLONEL!** THAT'S WHY!

ABSURD, BYRD -

THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!**

IS IT? WELL **THIS WILL SURPRISE YOU!**

THE **SCARLET SQUADRON** KNOWS ABOUT THAT NEW **EXPLOSIVE AND INCENDIARY PENCIL** YOU HAVE DEVELOPED FOR SABOTAGE - THEY EVEN KNOW **HOW IT WORKS!**

EDITOR'S NOTE **LUCKY** IS AN UNDERCOVER MAN IN THE TRAITOROUS **SCARLET SQUADRON**.

YOU **BREAK OFF THE TIP**, AND DROP IT! A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER IT GOES OFF, AND A FIRE STARTS! BUT, IT **LOOKS** JUST LIKE AN ORDINARY LEAD PENCIL!

BY **GOSH**, THERE IS A LEAK!

EDITOR'S NOTE **SIMILAR TO A 1ST WORLD WAR DEVICE**

EXACTLY, COLONEL! AND THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO FORM A SECRET FLIGHT OF **TRUSTED PILOTS!** LOCATE THEM AT SOME DESERTED FIELD NEAR THE **SCARLET SQUADRON FIELD**, AND PLACE THEM UNDER MY COMMAND!

FOR YOU SEE THE **SCARLET SQUADRON** PLANS TO **DROP A DEADLY NEW GAS** ON **NEW YORK**, AND WIPE OUT HALF IT'S **POPULATION!**

YOU'LL **GET YOUR FLIGHT**, "BYRD"

TIP THE SECRET FLIGHT OFF TO OUR SECRET RADIO STATION CODE! I DON'T KNOW WHEN **THEY** PLAN TO GAS NEW YORK, BUT I'LL GET WORD TO **OUR FLIGHT** IN TIME TO HEAD THEM OFF!

GOOD LUCK, BYRD! AND, TAKE ALONG THIS TRICK PENCIL!

NEXT DAY, IN WASHINGTON!

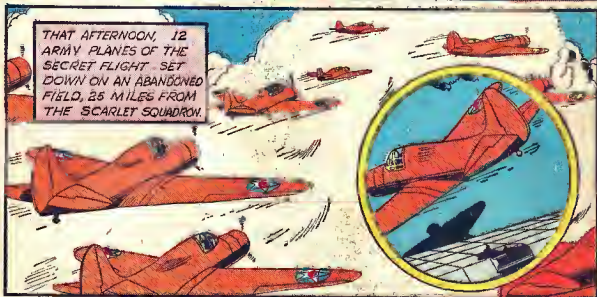
WONDER WHAT **G-2** IS CALLING **US** IN FOR?

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH. HERE'S COL CLIVE'S OFFICE!

AND- AN HOUR LATER

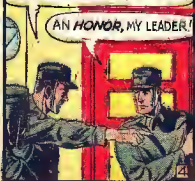
OF **COURSE**, WE VOLUNTEER FOR THIS SECRET FLIGHT, COLONEL! **WHO DO WE FLY FOR?**

LIEUTENANT LUCKY BYRD!



MEANWHILE, AT THE SCARLET SQUADRON FIELD!

THE GAS ATTACK ON NEW YORK IS TOMORROW! WE TAKE OFF AT 5 AM! BYRD, YOU FLY NUMBER 3 BOMBER!



AND, THAT NIGHT—

STATION WXYZ? THIS IS LUCKY BYRD, PLAY 'WHO', 'STAR DUST', AND 'TIGER RAG'!



15 MINUTES LATER, AT THE SECRET FLIGHT'S HEADQUARTERS.

WE PLAY FOR LUCKY BYRD, TIGER RAG!



JUST BEFORE DAWN AT THE
SCARLET SQUADRON.

WE TAKE OFF IN 20
MINUTES! HAIL THE
HOMELAND!

HAIL!



STOP! BYRD IS A SPY
FOR THE AMERICAN ARMY!
I KNOW!

SO!

SOMEONE WAS
CARELESS!



BUT, THE SPY IN THE
WAR DEPARTMENT UN-
MASKS LUCKY.

SO, BYRD! I SUSPECTED
YOU! YOU KNOW THE
PENALTY FOR
TREACHERY-
DEATH!

I'D
BETTER
THINK FAST!

WAIT!



DON'T SHOOT ME! I CAN
GIVE YOU SOME INFOR-
MATION- LOOK, HERE'S
HOW THE SECRET BOMB
SIGHT WORKS! I'LL
DRAW IT!

LET HIM SHOW
US-THEN!

ALL
RIGHT.



LUCKY TAKES THE INCEN-
DIARY PENCIL FROM HIS
POCKET, AND "ACCIDENTALLY"
BREAKS OFF THE TIP.

CONFOUND THIS PENCIL!



LUCKY THROWS THE PENCIL
INTO THE WASTEBASKET-



-AND, WAITING FOR THE
EXPLOSION DRAWS BUSILY
WITH ANOTHER PENCIL.



HE IS STALLING FOR TIME!

SHOOT HIM NOW!

WHAT IS-

GANGWAY!



SUDDENLY THE PENCIL
EXPLODES VIOLENTLY.

PARDON MY FIST!

AMID THE CONFUSION FOLLOWING
THE 'PENCIL'S' EXPLOSION, LUCKY FLEES

RACING TO THE FIELD, HE TAKES
OFF IN A SCARLET SQUADRON
PURSUIT PLANE

CATCH HIM!

TWO SCARLET SQUADRON
FLIERS TAKE OFF IN
PURSUIT!

(NO AMMUNITION! WOW!)

THEY DIDN'T GET HERE
ANY TOO SOON!

MEANWHILE, LUCKY SIGHTS
HIS SECRET FLIGHT
APPROACHING!

BUT, THE BOMBERS TAKE
OFF, BOUND FOR NEW YORK
WITH THEIR LOAD OF DEATH-

WHILE LUCKY, AND HIS FLIGHT,
MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE
2 SCARLET SQUADRON SHIPS

FULL SPEED FOR NEW YORK!
WE MUST HEAD OFF THOSE
DEVILISH BOMBERS! FOLLOW
ME!

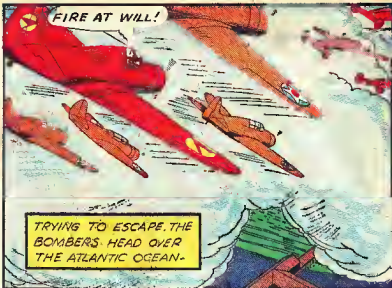
BUT- THE BOMBERS ARE FAR
AHEAD OF LUCKY'S FLIGHT.

HEAD THEM AWAY FROM
NEW YORK!



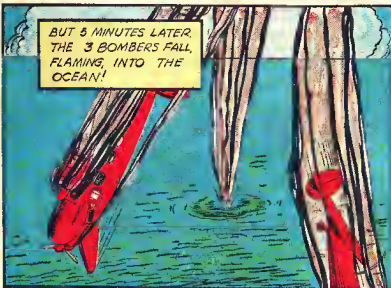
NEAR NEW YORK CITY, LUCKY
OVERTAKES THE BOMBERS.

FIRE AT WILL!



TRYING TO ESCAPE, THE
BOMBERS HEAD OVER
THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

BUT 5 MINUTES LATER,
THE 3 BOMBERS FALL,
FLAMING, INTO THE
OCEAN!



AND, LITTLE REALIZING THAT
IT HAS JUST MISSED BEING
ANNIHILATED, NEW YORK
AWAKES TO A NEW DAY.



LATER, AS LUCKY LISTENS
TO THE RADIO—

THIS OBSERVER IS WONDERING
IF THERE IS ANY CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE AIR BATTLE
OVER THE ATLANTIC, AND
THE MILLIONS OF DEAD FISH
FLOATING—

SOME STUFF,
THAT
GAS!



-IN 'THE OCEAN' ALSO, THE
RAID ON THE SCARLET
SQUADRON FIELD IN WHICH—
WELL, ANYWAY, NO PRISONERS
WERE TAKEN!

THAT GIVES
ME AN IDEA!



COLONEL, EVERYONE IN
THE SCARLET SQUADRON
WHO KNOWS I'M AN UNDER-
COVER MAN, IS DEAD!
SO, I CAN STILL WORK ON
A PLAN I HAVE TO CAPTURE
THE NATIONAL LEADER!
IT WILL BE RISKY, BUT—



A NEW LUCKY BYRD STORY IN
THE NEXT TARGET COMICS.

Tarpe Mills
PRESENTS

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BRUCE BRIAN

DARRON DAVIS

CYNTHIA STONE

WARREN HART

ORSON BLACK
'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES'

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BRUCE BRIAN

in

The THREE MUTINEERS

A Fantastic Feature Film
in Color

STEVE MASON ... Bruce Brian
REGGIE HOLLER, JR. ... Darron Davis
HAM RUFLE ... Simon Simon
OTTO BEITZ ... Orson Black
FRITZ BARX ... Warren Hart

AS THE black clouds of war hover ominously on our horizon, America prepares her defenses. To those of you who are nobly doing your part we offer our deepest gratitude. Rest assured that the sacrifices you make are for the most worthy cause possible — FREEDOM!

And so, in recognition of your loyalty and devotion to the American way of life, we dedicate this and future stories to you.

Let us turn now to the story of three young men who had much in common ...



YOU'LL COVER
THE ASSIGNMENTS
I GIVE YOU
OR ELSE...

OKAY, THEN --
I'M FIRED! BUT,
I'LL PROVE TO YOU
THAT I'M RIGHT!



AS LONG AS YOU
PERSIST IN GALLIVANTIN'
TO THE CITY, I WASH
MY HANDS O' YOU!

AW, SHUCKS, PAW
MEBBE I'LL MAKE
MONEY TPAY
OFF THE MORTGAGE!



MR. HOLLER,
YOUR FATHER
WANTS YOU TO
READ THIS BOOK!

EH? WHAT'S
IT ABOUT?



SIXTY MILES AWAY...

AW, SHUCKS, PAW--

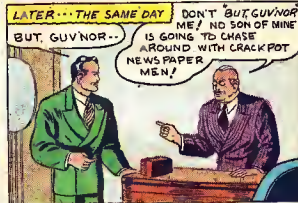
DON'T "SHUCKS, PAW"
ME! YOU'RE JUST TOO
DANG LAZY TO
WORK ON A FARM...
THAT'S WHY YOU GOT
THEM NEW-FANGLED
NOTIONS!



LATER... THE SAME DAY

BUT, GUV'NOR--

DON'T BUT, GUV'NOR!
ME! NO SON OF MINE
IS GOING TO CHASE
AROUND WITH CRACKPOT
NEWS PAPER
MEN!



REMEMBER YOU'RE A
HOLLER OF THE GREAT
BANKING FIRM OF HOLLER,
LOWDER, AND
RUNN! BUT,
FROM NOW ON--
YOU'RE ON
YOUR OWN!

SUITS
ME FINE!



"HOW TO BE A SUCCESS."
BAH!

OOOHH...
MR. HOLLER!





BOOSH, THIS CITY IS A HEAP SIGHT BIGGER 'N I-- OOF!

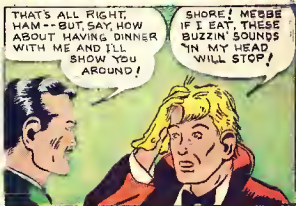
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT--LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT! I'D BETTER HURRY DOWN AND SEE IF HE'S HURT!



I'M AWFULLY SORRY, BUD, ARE YOU HURT?

NO! AND I AINT BUD, I'M HAM RUFLE, I'M KEEPIN' THIS BOOK, TOO--FINDERS, KEEPERS!



THAT'S ALL RIGHT, HAM--BUT, SAY, HOW ABOUT HAVING DINNER WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND!

SHORE! MEBBE IF I EAT, THESE BUZZIN' SOUNDS 'IN MY HEAD WILL STOP!



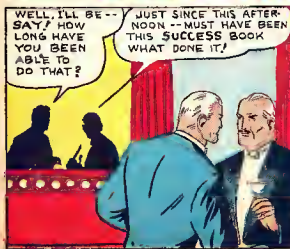
SAY, LOOK, HAM--THERE'S J. P. DORGAN AND VINCENT ASTORGILT OVER THERE!

YEP, I CN HEAR 'EM TALKIN'!



WHAT? YOU CAN HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING FROM WAY OVER THERE?

SHORE! I CN HEAR WHAT EVERYBODY IS SAYIN' IF I CONCENTRATE ON 'EM!



WELL, I'LL BE--SAY, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN ABLE TO DO THAT?

JUST SINCE THIS AFTER-NOON--MUST HAVE BEEN THIS SUCCESS BOOK WHAT DONE IT!



THEY SHORE DO TALK NONSENSICAL--THEY'RE SAYIN' IT'LL BE A BULL MARKET FOR GOOSEGREASE, PREFERRED TOMORROW!

GOOSEGREASE PREFERRED?? HOLY SMOKES! I HAVE SHARES OF THAT STOCK!

WOW! HAM, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A FORTUNE WITH THOSE EARS OF YOURS! LET'S GO!



SO MUCH THE BETTER THAT HE WATCHES US! THAT DIVERTS HIS ATTENTION FROM OUR REAL PROJECT! HA! THEY'RE GUARDING CLOSELY THEIR MUNITIONS PLANTS BUT, WAIT UNTIL THE CITY'S HEATING SYSTEM BLOWS UP-- WRECKING THEIR FINE BUILDINGS-- THEIR STREETS AND THEIR SUBWAYS--



FOUR DAYS LATER... IN ANOTHER SUITE OF THE RITZMORE HOTEL...

SHUCKS! AIN'T NEVER HAD S'MUCH FUN IN ALL M'LIFE! WISHT PAW AND MAW COULD SEE ME NOW-HAW! D'YOU RECKON WE'LL SOON BE RICHER'N ROCKEFELLER?



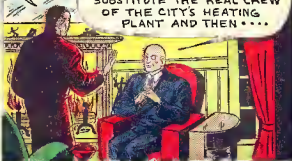
MEANWHILE... IN THE RITZMORE HOTEL... OTTO BEITZ AND FRITZ BARY HAVE A VERY INTERESTING DISCUSSION...

BUT, THIS WAITING, OTTO... WHY CAN'T WE DO IT NOW, BEFORE PEOPLE GET TOO SUSPICIOUS? ALREADY THAT NEWSPAPER REPORTER DOGS OUR EVERY STEP!



YES! BUT WHEN?

IN FOUR MORE DAYS... THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE PREPARED AND OUR MEN WILL SUBSTITUTE THE REAL CREW OF THE CITY'S HEATING PLANT AND THEN...



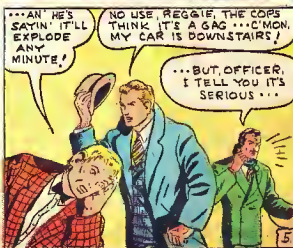
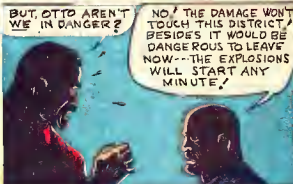
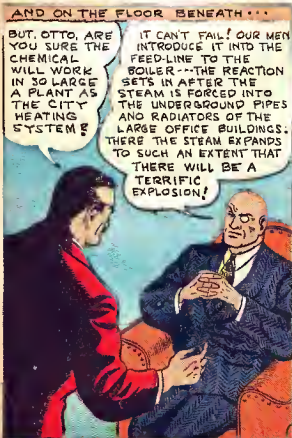
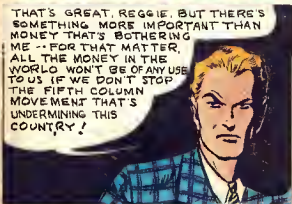
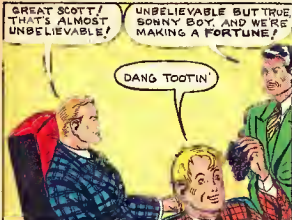
WELL I'LL BE -- REGGIE HOLLER!!

STEVE MASON! WHAT LUCK! COME ON UPSTAIRS AND I'LL TELL YOU OF A PROPOSITION THAT WILL KNOCK YOUR HAT OFF!



STEVE, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD, HAM RUFLE! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM!





A FEW SECONDS LATER AS STEVE, REGGIE AND HAM RACE TOWARD THE CITY HEATING SYSTEM... A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RIPS OPEN THE CENTER OF THE STREET...



AS THE CAR SWINGS PERILOUSLY AROUND THE GAPING HOLE, AN OLD CONDEMNED BUILDING SUDDENLY GIVES WAY...



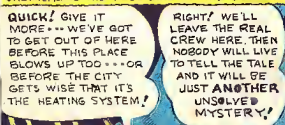
NOT YET-- WE WON'T!

ARE YOU OKAY HAM?

SHORE! JUST A COUPLE O' BRICKS BOUNCED OFF'N M HEAD!



MEANWHILE... IN THE CITY HEATING PLANT, THE FAKE CREW IS STEPPING UP THE STEAM AND ADDING MORE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CHEMICAL TO THE FEED-LINE OF THE BOILER...



RIGHT! WE'LL LEAVE THE REAL CREW HERE, THEN NOBODY WILL LIVE TO TELL THE TALE AND IT WILL BE JUST ANOTHER UNSOLVED MYSTERY!

OUTSIDE THE PLANT, THREE MEN CREEP STEALTHILY TOWARD AN ARMED GUARD...

WE CAN'T RUSH HIM-- HE'D GIVE THE ALARM!

SHUCKS! I COULD SNEAK UP ON A RABBIT... LET ME HANDLE THE CRITTER!





YIPPEEE! AIN'T HAD
SO MUCH FUN SINCE
I CAME TO THE
CITY!

LET GO
OF THAT
WHEEL, YOU
RAT!

OKAY, BOYS--
LINE UP
AGAINST THAT
WALL!

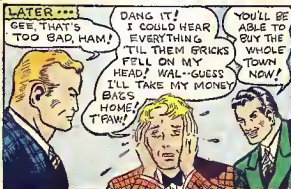
THERE, THE POWER
IS TURNED OFF---
THEIR MYSTERY
CHEMICAL IS
USELESS NOW!

GOOD, WE WERE
JUST IN TIME AN--
WHAT'S THAT?
POLICE SIRENS!

MR. BEITZ AND MR. BARX HAVE ALREADY
BEEN PICKED UP AND, BOYS, THIS CITY IS
CERTAINLY INDEBTED TO YOU--I WOULDN'T
BE SURPRISED IF THE MAYOR PRESENTED
YOU WITH THE KEY TO
THE CITY!



SHUCKS!
WHAT
DO WE
NEED A
KEY FER?



LATER...
GEE, THAT'S
TOO BAD, HAM!

DANG IT!
I COULD HEAR
EVERYTHING
TIL THEM GRICKS
FELL ON MY
HEAD! WAL--GUESS
I'LL TAKE MY MONEY
BAGS HOME!
T'PAW!

YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO
BUY THE
WHOLE
TOWN
NOW!



NEXT DAY...

SON, YOU'VE ADDED
GLORY TO THE
GREAT BANKING
FIRM OF HOLLER
LOWDER AND RUNN.
I ALWAYS KNEW
YOU COULD DO IT!

THANKS, GUV'NOR!



WELCOME BACK, SON--
AND THIS TOWN IS
RIGHT PROUD O' YOU!
I ALWAYS KNEW
YOU COULD
DO IT!

SHUCKS, PAW--
'TAIN'T HARDLY
NUTHIN'... I
SAID I'D PAY OFF
THE MORTGAGE!

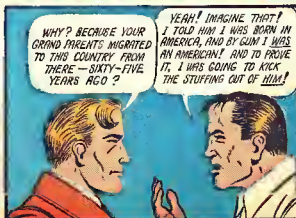


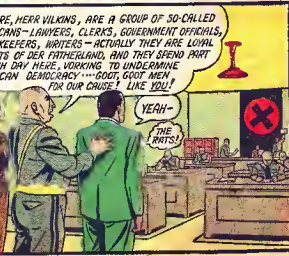
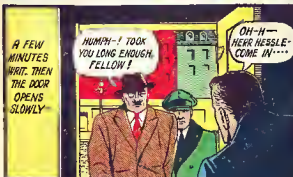
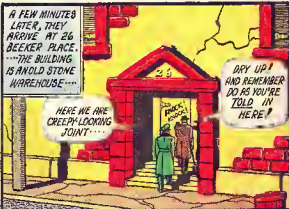
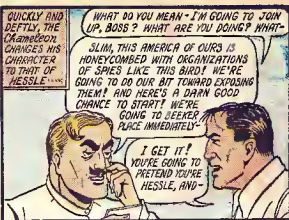
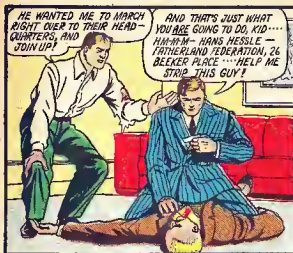
I ALWAYS KNEW YOU
COULD DO IT, SON.
AND IF YOU WANT
YOUR JOB BACK,
I HAVE A VERY
IMPORTANT
ASSIGNMENT
FOR YOU!

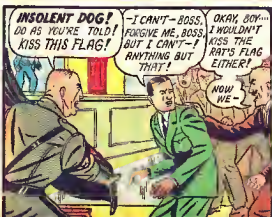
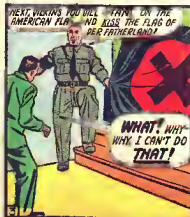
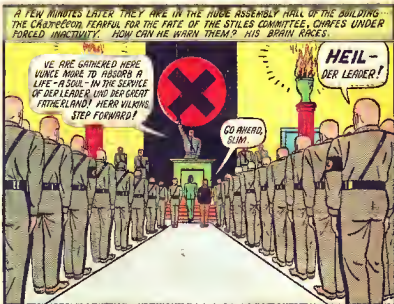
M-M-M-M--YOU MAKE IT
SOUND INTERESTING,
DAD. WHAT IS IT?

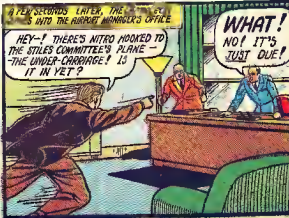
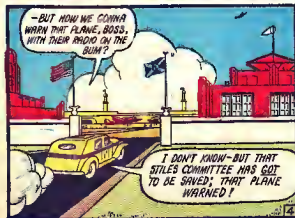
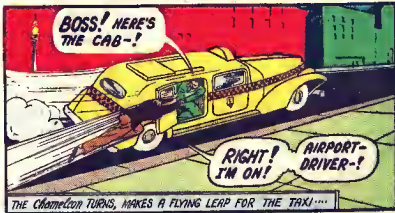
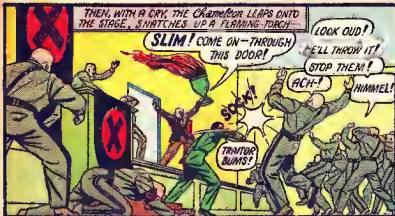
FANTASTIC FEATURE FILMS ARE SHOWN EXCLUSIVELY IN
TARGET COMICS

The Chameleon









EXCITEDLY, THEY RUSH
OUT ONTO THE FIELD.

GREAT HEAVENS—
THERE IT IS—!

AND THERE'S
NO RADIO IN IT!
NOW—

THE FIELD'S CLEAR!
HE'LL COME RIGHT IN!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



I'VE GOT IT!
A SIGN! WHERE'S THE
REPAIR SHOP
QUICKLY!

-NEXT
BUILDING—
THE CELLAR!

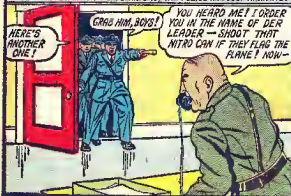


AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT
ANOTHER AIRPORT OFFICIAL IS
RECEIVING A TELEPHONE CALL
FROM THE HATHERLAND FEDERATION.

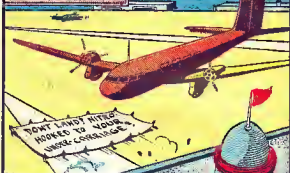
YES, CHIEF, IT'S COMING IN
NOW—BUT TO SHOOT FROM
HERE WOULD BE SHEER—



...AND AT FEDERATION HEADQUARTERS, THE POLICE ARE JUST ARRIVING!



AS THE PLANE CIRCLES DOWN INTO THE WIND TO LAND,
13 MEN RUSH ONTO THE FIELD
WITH A HUGE SIGN....



NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET
THAT NITRO OFF—YOU ORDER A PLANE
INTO THE AIR WITH A MAN ON THE
WING—FLY IT SMACK UNDER THE STILES'
PLANE, AND GRAB THE CAN, THEN CHUCK
IT INTO THE RIVER! YOU PHONE THE
HANGARS AND GIVE THE ORDER—HURRY!

ARE YOU
MAD, FELLOW?
THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
I WON'T
GIVE SUCH
AN ORDER!



THEN I'M VERY
SORRY—BUT
SOMEBODY
MUST!



JEES BOSS!
YOU SOCKED
THE MANAGER!

HE'LL LIVE—YOU PHONE THE
HANGAR, SLIM—TELL 'EM
YOU'RE THE MANAGER AND
PREPARE
A PLANE!



SLIM RUSHES INTO
THE OFFICE
TO CALL

BANG!

THAT'S RIGHT!
GET THE PLANE
OUT IMMEDIATELY.
THE STUNT MAN
WILL BE RIGHT THERE!

HELLO—WHAT'S THAT?

THE AIRPORT SPY IS
CARRYING OUT HIS
ORDERS IN THE
NEXT ROOM.

PANG!

PANG!



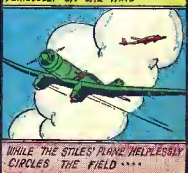
THE Chameleon ARRIVES AT THE HANGARS

THAT PLANE
SET? LET'S
GO!

RIGHTO, MATE—
BETTER DON SOME
GOOGLES AND A
JACKET.



AND THE PLANE LEAPS INTO THE
AIR WITH THE Chameleon PERCHED
PERILOUSLY ON ONE WING....



WHILE THE STILES' PLANE HELPLESSLY
CIRCLES THE FIELD....

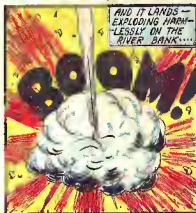
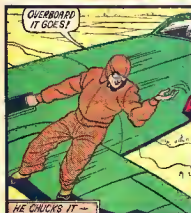
AS THE TWO PLANES NEAR EACH OTHER, SLUGS BEGIN TO SPIT PAST THE CHAMELEON'S EAR...



MEANWHILE, SLIM MOVES TO INVESTIGATE THE SHOTS...



THE SHOTS CEASE, AND AS THE TWO PLANES LEVEL OUT TOGETHER, THE CHAMELEON GRABS THE DEADLY CAN OF NITRO...



AND IT LANDS - EXPLODING HARMLESSLY ON THE RIVER BANK...



THE POWERFUL, MYSTERIOUS
MAN FROM
OUTER SPACE —

SPACE

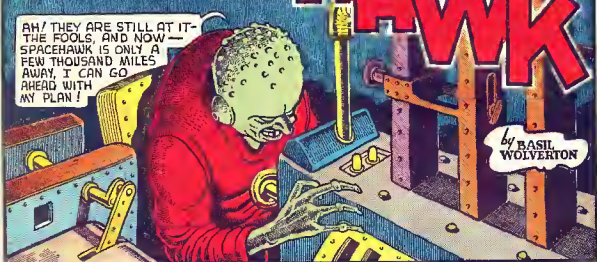
HAWK



ON THE PLANET NEPTUNE,
IN THE KINGDOM OF NOOM,
A SHREWD OLD SCIENTIST
NAMED DROON GLOATS
AS HE VIEWS THE WAR
TORN PLANET EARTH.

AH! THEY ARE STILL AT IT—
THE FOOLS, AND NOW —
SPACEHAWK IS ONLY A
FEW THOUSAND MILES
AWAY, I CAN GO
AHEAD WITH
MY PLAN!

by
BASIL
WOLVERTON

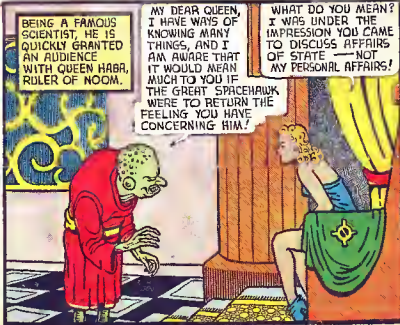


DROON IMMEDIATELY
LEAVES HIS LABORATORY,
WHICH IS IN A REMOTE
PART OF THE KINGDOM,
AND FLIES TO THE
ROYAL PALACE....

BEING A FAMOUS
SCIENTIST, HE IS
QUICKLY GRANTED
AN AUDIENCE
WITH QUEEN HABR,
RULER OF NOOM.

MY DEAR QUEEN,
I HAVE WAYS OF
KNOWING MANY
THINGS, AND I
AM AWARE THAT
IT WOULD MEAN
MUCH TO YOU IF
THE GREAT SPACEHAWK
WERE TO RETURN THE
FEELING YOU HAVE
CONCERNING HIM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I WAS UNDER THE
IMPRESSION YOU CAME
TO DISCUSS AFFAIRS
OF STATE — NOT
MY PERSONAL AFFAIRS!



YOUR PARDON, BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT SPACEHAWK IS STILL STAYING CLOSE TO NEPTUNE! HE IS LOATH TO LEAVE, BECAUSE HE IS MAD ABOUT YOU!

MAD ABOUT ME?
HOW CAN YOU MAKE
SUCH A STATEMENT?

I CAN PROVE MY
STATEMENT, YOUR
HIGHNESS! IT IS
WITHIN MY POWER TO
BRING SPACEHAWK TO
YOU! AND ONCE HE
MEETS YOU AGAIN,
HE WILL DECLARE
HIS LOVE! I CAN
PROMISE YOU THAT!

THEN PROVE IT!
BUT IF YOU FAIL,
AND BRING
EMBARRASSMENT TO
SPACEHAWK OR TO
ME, YOU WILL
REGRET IT!



I SHALL PROVE IT,
MY QUEEN — FOR
A CONSIDERATION!
ALL I ASK IS THE
BARREN LANDS OF
THE OJAH VALLEY,
SO THAT I MAY
CONDUCT CERTAIN
AGRICULTURAL TESTS.
DEED IT TO ME,
AND I SHALL
DISCREETLY ARRANGE
MATTERS IN SUCH A WAY THAT
SPACEHAWK WILL QUICKLY ARRIVE!

SO YOU'RE DEMAND-
ING A PRICE FOR
PLAYING CUPID!
WELL — THE REGION
IS WORTHLESS.
I SHALL DEED IT
TO YOU — IF AND
WHEN YOU SHOW
ME THAT YOU ARE
RIGHT IN THIS
MATTER!



AFTER DROON GOES—

IF ONLY I CAN RELY
ON DROON, THE OJAH
VALLEY IS A SMALL
PRICE TO PAY IF
I COULD LEARN THAT
SPACEHAWK CARES FOR
ME!



MY PLAN IS WORKING!
SOON I SHALL BE IN
POSSESSION OF THE
OJAH VALLEY!



BACK IN HIS
LABORATORY,
DROON BEGINS
HIS STRANGE
TASK BY
FORCING HIS
SERVANT, JOD,
INTO A CAGE.

I NO UNDERSTAND!
WHAT FOR I GO IN
CAGE?

DONT ASK QUESTIONS!
GET IN THERE!



AND NOW, WITH THIS
HOT IRON, I'M
GOING TO ROUSE
YOUR HATRED! IT
IS THE THING THAT
WILL BRING
SPACEHAWK TO ME!



THE ANIMAL-LIKE SERVANT IS AT FIRST BEWILDERED BY HIS MASTER'S CRUEL ACTION. DROON POKES AT HIM WITH THE GLOWING IRON UNTIL JOD IS IN A FRENZY....

WHY YOU DO THIS? I CRUSH YOU DEAD WHEN I GET OUT!

YOU'D LIKE TO KILL ME, WOULDN'T YOU, JOD? FINE! THAT'S THE WAY I WANT YOU TO FEEL! NOW I'LL TURN THIS SWITCH, AND THAT APPARATUS OVER YOUR HEAD WILL PICK UP AND BROADCAST YOUR HATRED VIBRATIONS!

JOD'S TELEPATHIC VIBRATIONS, AMPLIFIED MANY TIMES BY DROON'S APPARATUS, ARE FLUNG OUT INTO SPACE—OUT PAST SPACEHAWK'S SHIP WHICH HOVERS NEAR THE NEPTUNIAN MOON AS SPACEHAWK SEARCHES THE HEAVENS FOR PIRATES OF THE VOID....

SPACEHAWK'S KEEN, RECEPTIVE MIND INSTANTLY ABSORBS THE TELEPATHIC WAVES—

VIBRATIONS OF HATRED ARE COMING FROM NEPTUNE! SOME POWERFULLY EVIL FORCE MUST BE AT WORK THERE!

SPACEHAWK THROWS HIS SPEEDY CRAFT INTO ACTION....

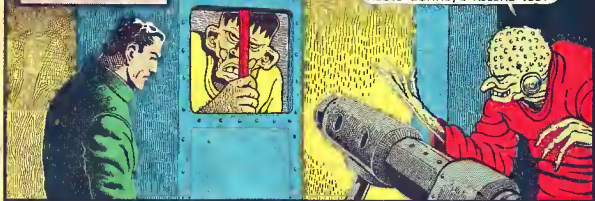
AH! JUST AS I'VE PLANNED! SPACEHAWK'S SHIP IS MOVING THIS WAY! HIS POWERFUL MIND HAS CAUGHT JOD'S MENTAL VIBRATIONS, AND HE'S COMING TO INVESTIGATE!

BEFORE HE ARRIVES, I MUST SHOOT MY MEMORY-KILLER RAY INTO JOD'S BRAIN! IT WILL WIPE THIS LITTLE EPISODE OF TORTURE FROM HIS MIND, SO THAT HE WILL SERVE ME AS FAITHFULLY AS EVER!

BUT BEFORE DROON CAN GET THE RAY PROJECTOR IN OPERATION, SPACEHAWK SUDDENLY STRIDES INTO THE ROOM....

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHY IS THAT MAN
IN THE CAGE?

SPACEHAWK! THIS IS INDEED A PLEASANT SURPRISE! YOU HONOR ME BY VISITING MY LABORATORY! AND YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO WATCH AN INTERESTING OPERATION—SOMETHING ENTIRELY HUMANE AND ABOVE BOARD, I ASSURE YOU!



ON THE CONTRARY, THERE'S SOMETHING QUITE WRONG HERE! LET ME LOOK AT THAT MACHINE!



NOW I MUST STAKE EVERYTHING ON MY HYPNOTIC ABILITY! HIS MIND MAY BE STRONGER THAN MINE IN SOME RESPECTS, BUT NO MIND CAN WITHSTAND THE TERRIFIC POWER OF HYPNOSIS I HAVE DEVELOPED IN MY BRAIN!



SOME SORT OF RAY MACHINE, EH? WHY WERE YOU ABOUT TO USE IT ON YOUR PRISONER?

LOOK AT ME! YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN THAT MACHINE! I AM YOUR MASTER! DO AS I COMMAND!



NOW STAND WHERE YOU ARE—AND DO NOT MOVE!



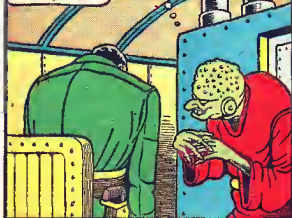
AH! THE GREAT SPACEHAWK IS PARALYZED UNDER MY POWERFUL HYPNOTIC SPELL! BUT I DARE NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES! I SHALL PIERCE HIS BRAIN WITH THE MEMORY-KILLER RAY! THEN I CAN HANDLE HIM AS I WOULD A CHILD—EVEN FROM A GREAT DISTANCE!



THE MACHINE BEGINS TO WHINE, AND A GLOWING BEAM STABS FORTH TO ENVELOP SPACEHAWK'S HEAD...



SUCCESS! WITH ALL MEMORY OF HIS PAST WIPE OUT, I SHALL BE ABLE TO USE SPACEHAWK TO CONQUER THE EARTH. BUT FIRST I MUST GET THE OJAH TERRITORY—AND QUICKLY!



HABA RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM DROON....

QUEEN HABA, I GAVE SPACEHAWK AN EXCUSE TO RETURN TO NEPTUNE BY CALLING ON HIM FOR CERTAIN ASTRONOMICAL ADVICE! HE HAS ARRIVED, BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE WAS INJURED IN LANDING! I SUGGEST THAT YOU COME HERE AT ONCE!

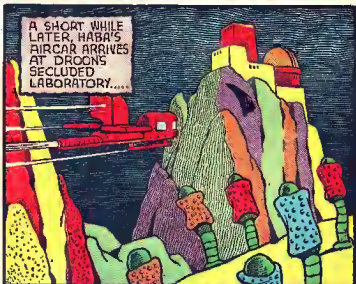
I SHALL BE THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY TO ME, YOU WILL HAVE A VISITOR SOON. YOU MUST TELL HER ALL THAT I COMMAND YOU TO TELL HER!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, HABA'S AIRCAR ARRIVES AT DROON'S SECLUDED LABORATORY....



HOW IS HE? MAY I SEE HIM?

THIS WAY, YOUR HIGHNESS! HIS INJURY IS NOT AS SERIOUS AS I THOUGHT AT FIRST! A TANK OF COMPRESSED AIR EXPLODED AS HE STEPPED INTO THE SHIP'S AIRLOCK CHAMBER. HE HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES, BUT THE CONCUSSION SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT HIS MIND CLOUDED!



QUEEN HABA! IS IT REALLY YOU?

YES, SPACEHAWK! I'VE COME TO SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU!

PARDON ME. I MUST GO AND PREPARE A STIMULANT FOR HIM!



THE ONLY STIMULANT I NEED
IS YOU, HABA!

WHY SPACEHAWK!
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN BY THAT?

FOR A LONG TIME I'VE BEEN
WANTING TO TELL YOU WHAT
YOU MEAN TO ME, HABA! AND
NOW THAT THIS HAS HAPPENED—

SPACEHAWK! ARE YOU
TRYING TO TELL ME THAT
YOU —

PERHAPS, THOUGH,
THIS ISN'T THE TIME
TO SAY MUCH ABOUT
IT! MY HEAD — IT
FEELS A BIT QUEER.
THAT WAS QUITE A
BLAST IN MY SHIP,
YOU KNOW! IT'S A
GOOD THING MY
FRIEND DROON
BRAUGHT ME IN!

PERFECT
EVERYTHING IS
WORKING OUT
TO MY ADVANTAGE.

HERE, SPACEHAWK! DRINK THIS!
IT WILL HELP REVIVE YOU!

DROON, WE MUST GET
HIM TO A DOCTOR! HE
ACTS AND TALKS AS
THOUGH HIS MIND WERE
IN A FOG!

NO! NO!
HE REQUIRES NO
DOCTOR! A FEW
DAYS REST HERE IS
ALL HE NEEDS!

INCIDENTALLY, YOUR HIGHNESS
I THINK YOU'LL AGREE THAT
I'M NOW ENTITLED TO THAT
DEED TO THE OJAH VALLEY!
I'VE EARNED IT BY BRINGING
YOU AND SPACEHAWK TOGETHER,
JUST AS I PROMISED!

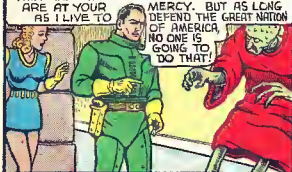
WHY ARE YOU IN SUCH A
HURRY FOR YOUR REWARD?
YOU'LL GET IT JUST AS
SOON AS I CAN BE SURE
THAT SPACEHAWK IS WELL!

SPACEHAWK'S KEEN
EARS CATCH EVERY
WORD. SUDDENLY
HE LEAPS UP....

DON'T WORRY, HABA!
I'M PERFECTLY WELL!
AND NOW THAT I
KNOW WHAT YOUR
PURPOSE IS, DROON,
I'M GOING TO —

WHAT —
WHAT'S THIS?
STAND BACK
THERE! I
COMMAND
YOU TO
STAND BACK!

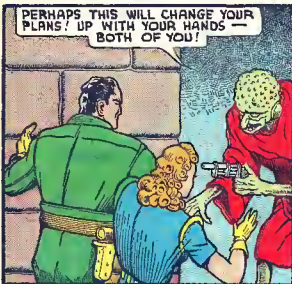
FOOL! YOUR HYPNOTISM AND YOUR MEMORY-KILLER RAY HAVEN'T HAD THE SLIGHTEST EFFECT ON MY MIND! I'VE BEEN PLAYING ALONG TO DISCOVER YOUR GAME! NOW THAT YOUR MIND IS FULL OF FEAR, I CAN READ IN IT WHY YOU WANT THE OJAH VALLEY! YOU'VE FOUND THAT IT CONTAINS RICH MINERAL DEPOSITS! YOU INTEND TO USE THEM IN YOUR PLAN TO CONQUER THE EARTH NOW THAT THEY ARE EMBROILED IN A WAR AND ARE AT YOUR MERCY. BUT AS LONG AS I LIVE TO DEFEND THE GREAT NATION OF AMERICA, NO ONE IS GOING TO DO THAT!



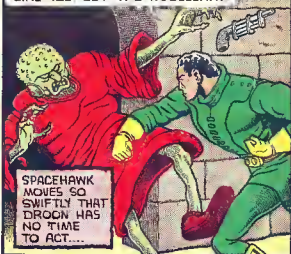
YOU MISERABLE CHEAT! YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN A DUNGEON!



PERHAPS THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR PLANS! WITH YOUR HANDS — BOTH OF YOU!



I HATE TO STRIKE AN OLD WEASEL LIKE YOU BUT IT'S NECESSARY



SPACEHAWK MOVES SO SWIFTLY THAT DROON HAS NO TIME TO ACT....

OH, SPACEHAWK! I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR THIS!

THERE'S NOTHING TO FORGIVE, HABA! I'M GLAD OF THE CHANCE TO UNCOVER DROON'S TREACHERY!



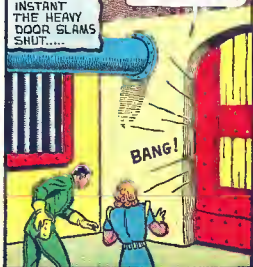
THEY'LL REGRET THIS! IN ANOTHER MINUTE THEY'LL BE MY PRISONERS!



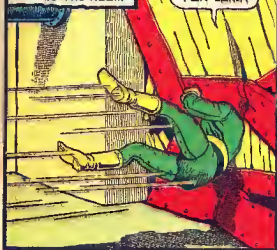
DROON STEALTHILY CRAWLS TOWARD A HIDDEN SWITCH IN THE NEXT ROOM.

THE NEXT INSTANT THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMS SHUT....

WE'RE TRAPPED!



SPACEHAWK HURLS
HIS STEELY BODY
ACROSS THE ROOM



WE WON'T BE
TRAPPED
FOR LONG!

HE - HE'S BREAKING
THRU THE DOOR!



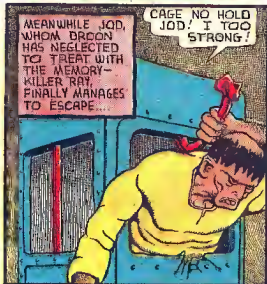
I'LL GET ANOTHER GUN
AND FINISH THEM BEFORE
THEY CAN ESCAPE!



STAND BEHIND ME, HABA!
THAT DEVIL MAY BE
WAITING FOR US WITH
ANOTHER ATOM GUN!



MEANWHILE JOD,
WHOM BROON
HAS NEGLECTED
TO TREAT WITH
THE MEMORY-
KILLER RAY,
FINALLY MANAGES
TO ESCAPE...

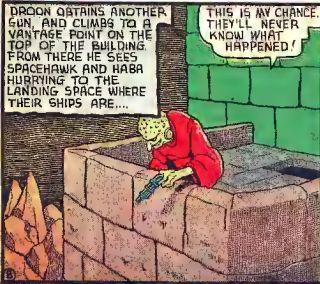


CAGE NO HOLD
JOD! I TOO
STRONG!

NOW I FIND
MASTER BROON.
WHEN I FIND,
I KILL!

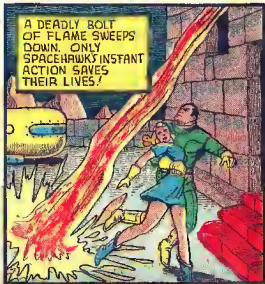


BROON OBTAINS ANOTHER
GUN, AND CLIMBS TO A
VANTAGE POINT ON THE
TOP OF THE BUILDING
FROM THERE HE SEES
SPACEHAWK AND HABA
HURRYING TO THE
LANDING SPACE WHERE
THEIR SHIPS ARE....



THIS IS MY CHANCE.
THEY'LL NEVER
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED!

A DEADLY BOLT
OF FLAME SWEEPS
DOWN. ONLY
SPACEHAWK'S INSTANT
ACTION SAVES
THEIR LIVES!



HE THINKS HE'S FAST
ENOUGH TO DODGE IT, EH?
THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!



AS DROON AIMS AGAIN,
A GAUNT HAND
SEIZES HIS ARM.....



YOU — JOB! HOW DID YOU
GET LOOSE? GO AWAY
FROM ME!

THIS TIME I NO
LOOK INTO YOUR
EYES! I KILL YOU
FIRST!



DON'T! DON'T!
GET BACK
FROM THE
EDGE, YOU
IMBECILE!

HOW YOU LIKE TO FLY
THRU AIR — HUH?

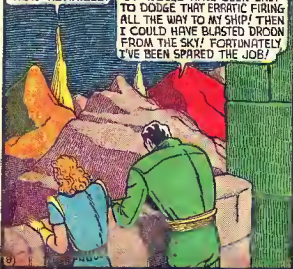


AS DROON STAGGERS
BACK, HE CLUTCHES
JOD, AND BOTH MEN
PLUNGE TO THE JAGGED
ROCKS HUNDREDS OF
FEET BELOW.....



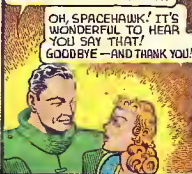
HOW HORRIBLE!

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASY
TO DODGE THAT ERRATIC FIRING
ALL THE WAY TO MY SHIP! THEN
I COULD HAVE BLASTED DROON
FROM THE SKY! FORTUNATELY,
I'VE BEEN SPARED THE JOB!



I MUST GO NOW, HABA.
UNCLE SAM NEEDS ME—MORE
THAN YOU. BUT I'LL COME
BACK TO SEE YOU SOON!

OH, SPACEHAWK! IT'S
WONDERFUL TO HEAR
YOU SAY THAT!
GOODBYE —AND THANK YOU!



A NEW
MENACE
TO THE
PEACE AND
SECURITY
OF AMERICA
IS EXPOSED
BY

SPACEHAWK
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
TOAST
COMICS

TARGET V 2 #1

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